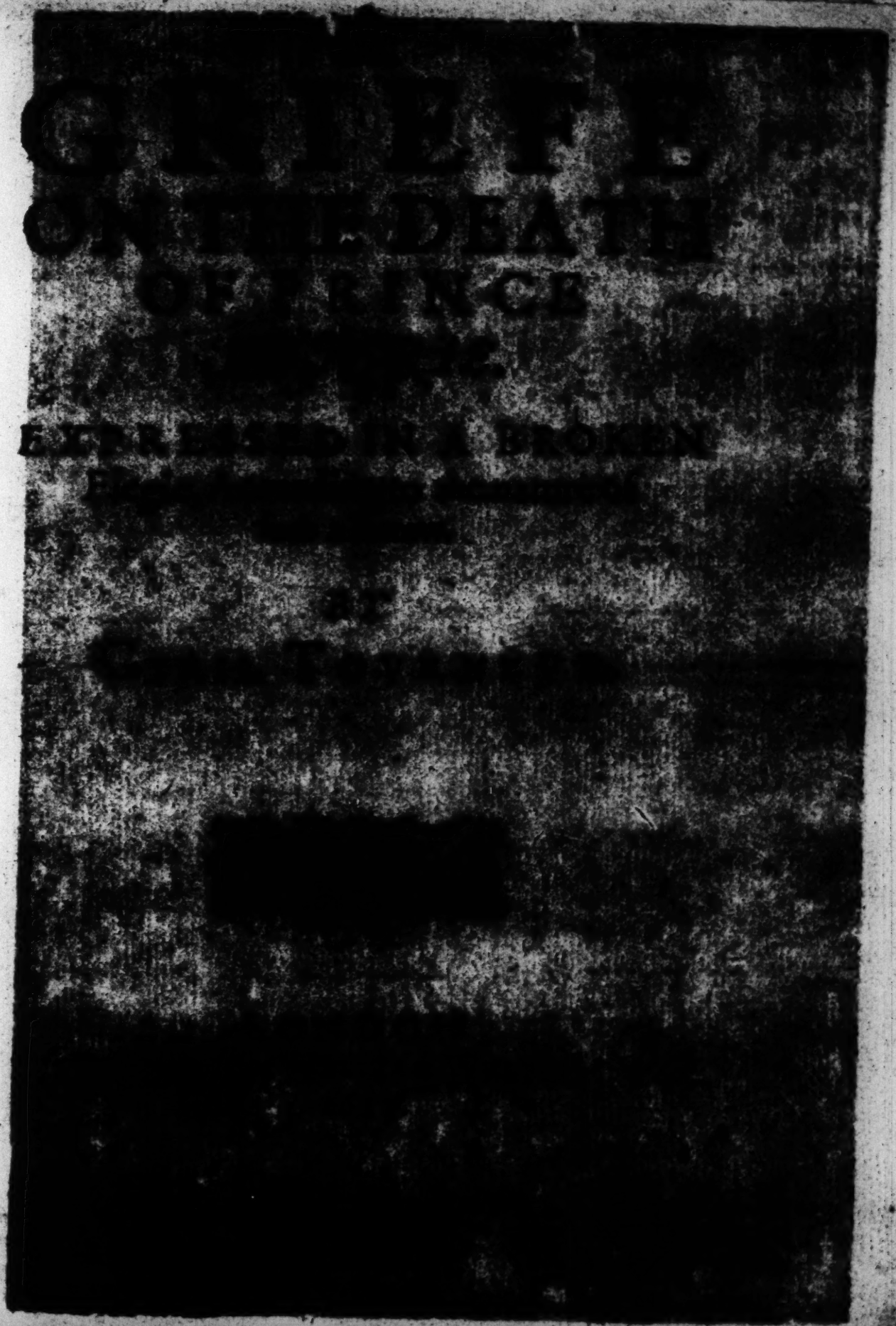


To the Reader.

I Cannot blame thee, if thou read'st not right,
Or understand'st not, for I know thy sight,
Which weeping is imperfect, if not blind,
And sorrow does (almost) distract thy mind.

C. T.

[illegible]

MAISTER M.

GEORGE CARIB.

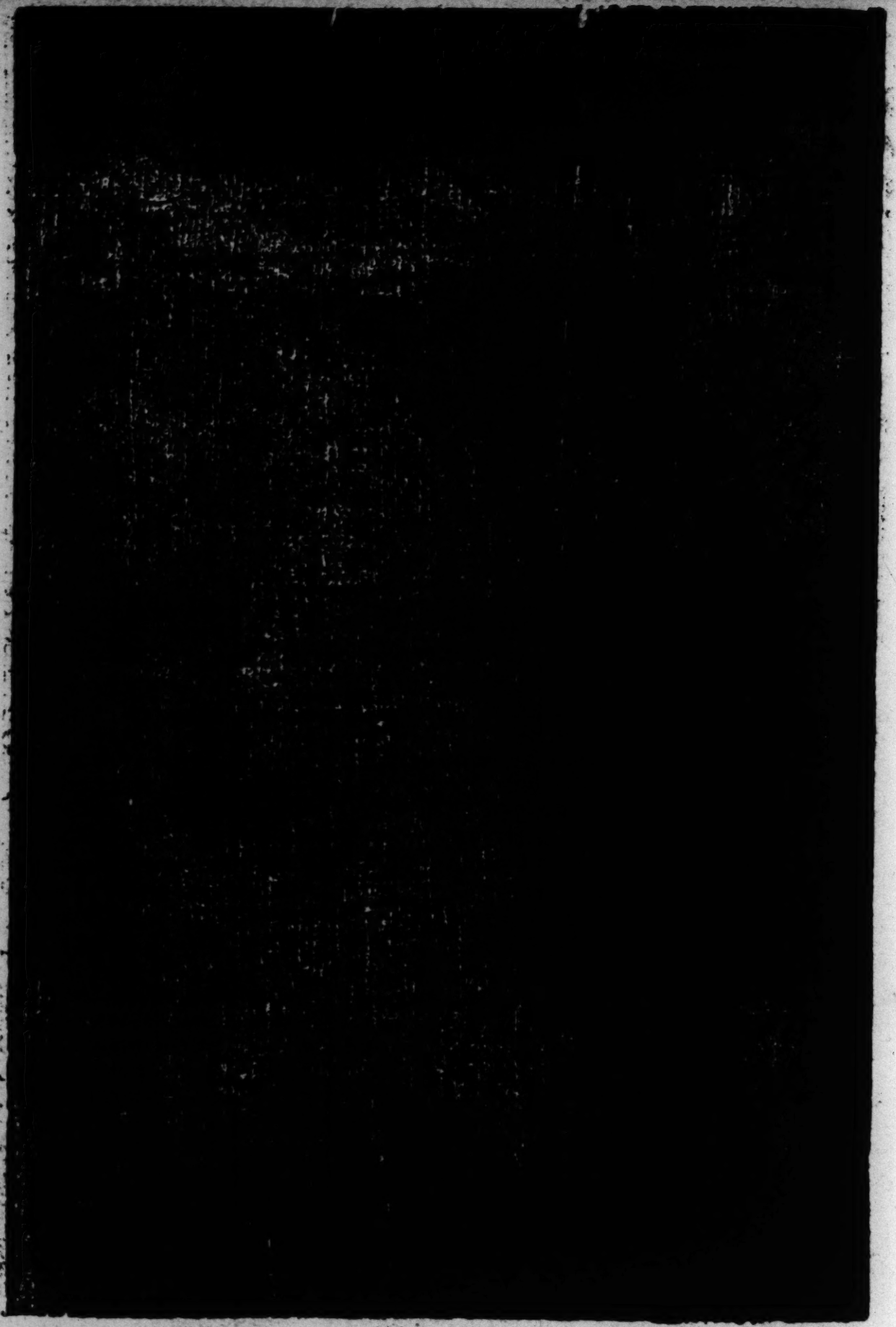
[illegible] Elegies
[illegible] when I wrote
[illegible] Funeralis,
[illegible] to
[illegible] importun-
[illegible] Burmy
[illegible] is
[illegible] And
[illegible] of my duty to
[illegible] knowledged in
[illegible] Mourners
[illegible] faithful-
[illegible] for any other part
[illegible] I am and will
[illegible]

[illegible]

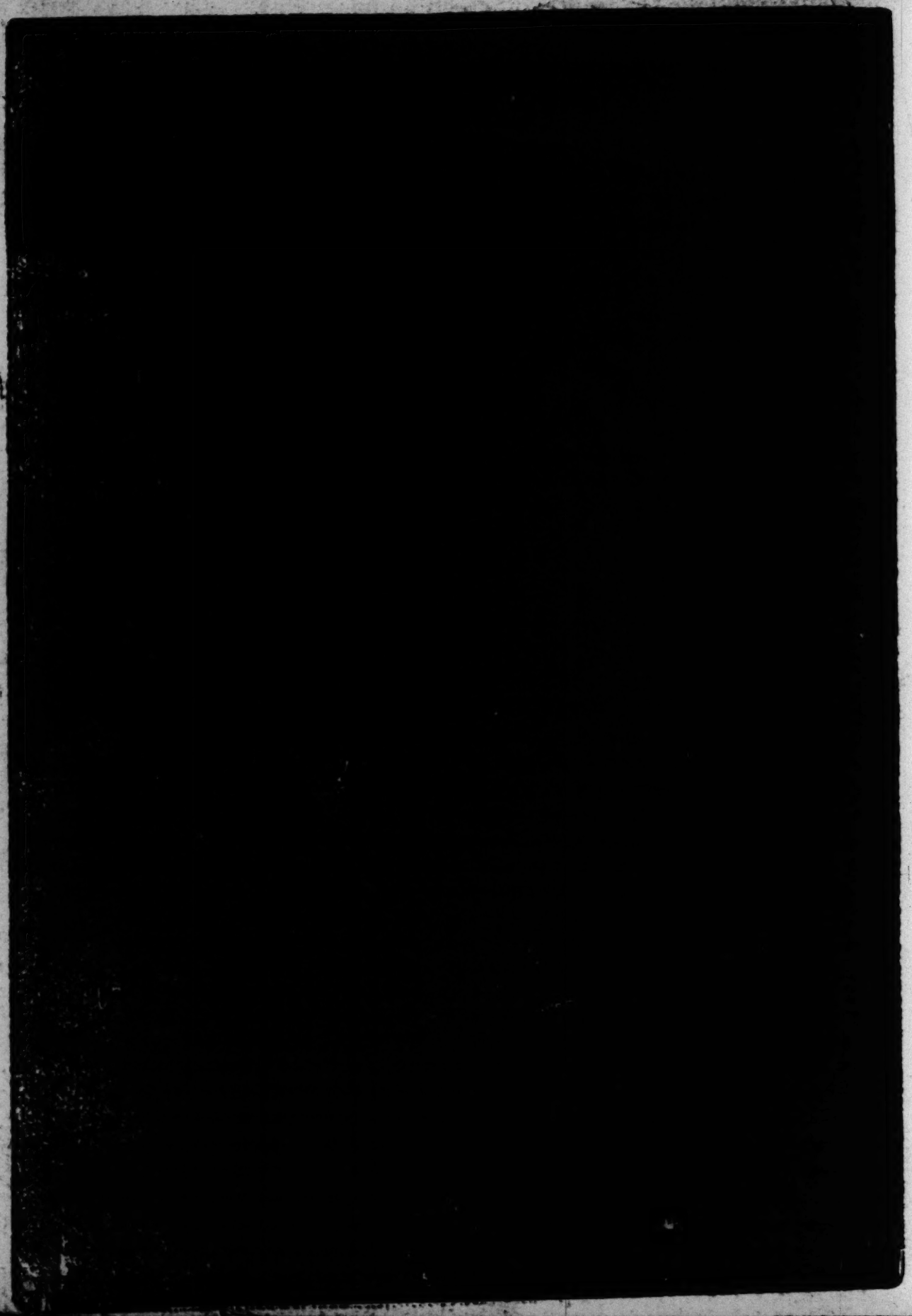
[illegible]

A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE, EXPRESSED in a broken Elegie, according *to the nature of such a sorrow.*

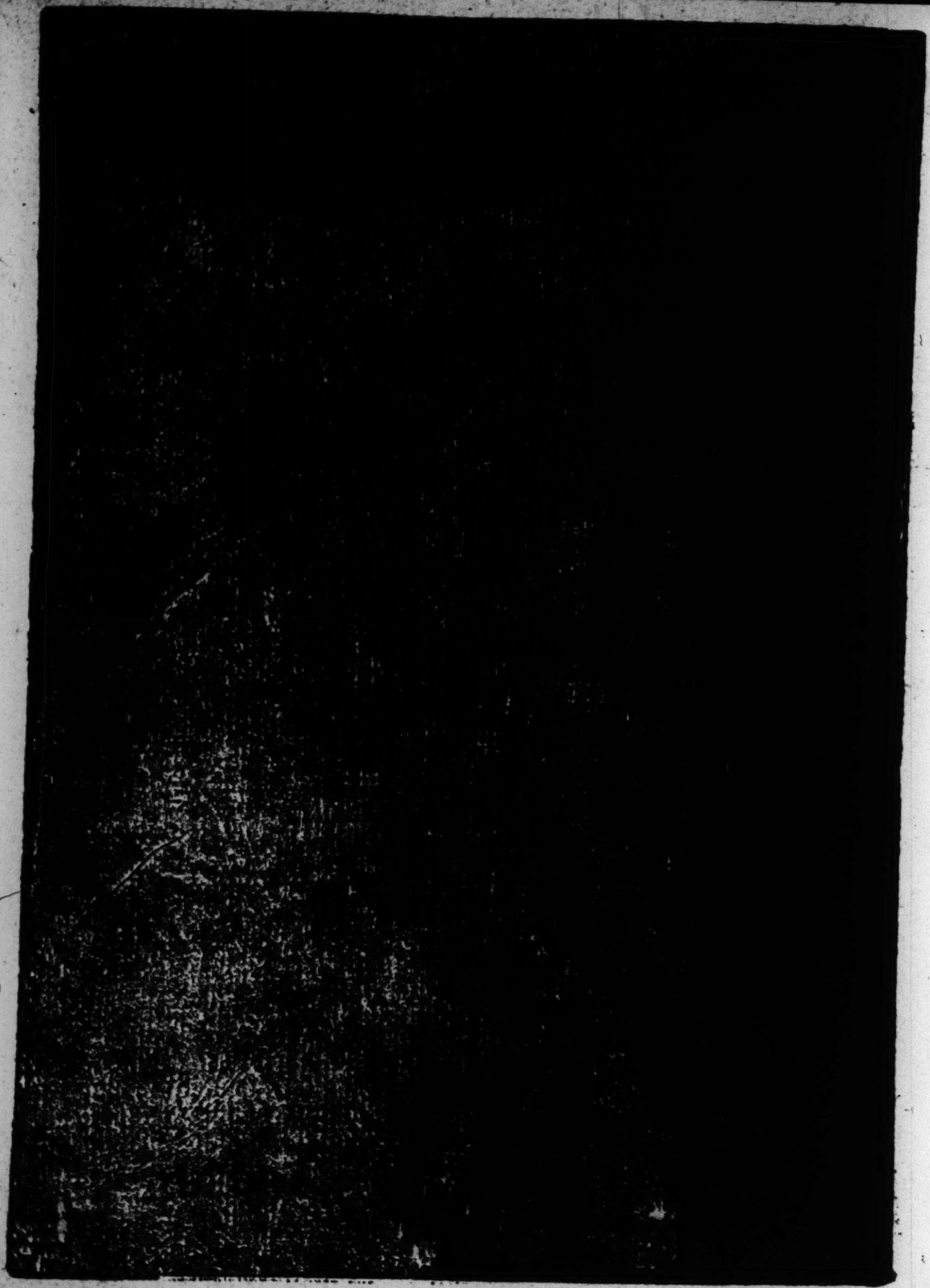
GOod *Vertue* wipe thine eyes. Looke vp and see!
And wonder to behold it. Some there be,
That weepe not; but are strangely merrie, dance,
And reuell. Can the losse of HIM aduance
The heart of any man to such a mirth?
Can HIS graue be the womb, from whence the birth
Of pleasure riseth? *Pity them. Their woe*
Distracts'em, and they know not what they doe.
Yet note'em better. Be they *wicked* men,
Their shew of *Ioy* is *voluntarie* then.
For now the *President* of *vertu's* dead,
Vice hopes to get her courses licenced.
Dead! T'is aboue my knowledge how we liue
To speake it. Is there any *Faith* to giue



The promiſes of *health* or *remedy*?
Or any *Meane* to be preſerued by;
When *Temperance*, and *Exerciſe* of breath,
(Thoſe beſt *Phyſitians*) could not keepe from death,
The ſtrength of *Nature*? Was HE temp'rate: whence
(Then) came HE ſubiect to the violence
Of ſickneſſe? Rather was HE not inclin'd
To *pleaſures*? *Infinitely*; ſtill HIS mind
Was on them; *Infinitely*; For HIS *loue*
No *Obiects* had, but thoſe which were aboue
The cauſes of *vexation*; ſuch, as *done*,
Repented not the pleaſures they begun,
But made them endleſſe: Nothing had the might
To diſ-effect his *Actions* of delight.
No; nor HIS *ſuffrings*. For although HE knew,
That ſickneſſe came from earth to claime her due;
And to depriue HIM of that fortunate
Succeſſion to the greatneſſe of the *State*,
Which HE was borne to; *that* did likewiſe pleaſ
And added nothing vnto HIS *d ſeaſe*.
Of HIS *contentments* heere, that was the beſt.
Therefore the laſt; that it might crowne the reſt.
But theſe are not the pleaſures that decay
The body. How hath death (then) found a way
To ONE ſo able? HE was *yong* and *ſtrong*.
Vnguiltie of al *diſorder* that could wrong
HIS *Conſtitution*. Doe no longer hide
It. t'was to vs a *plague* whereof HE died.

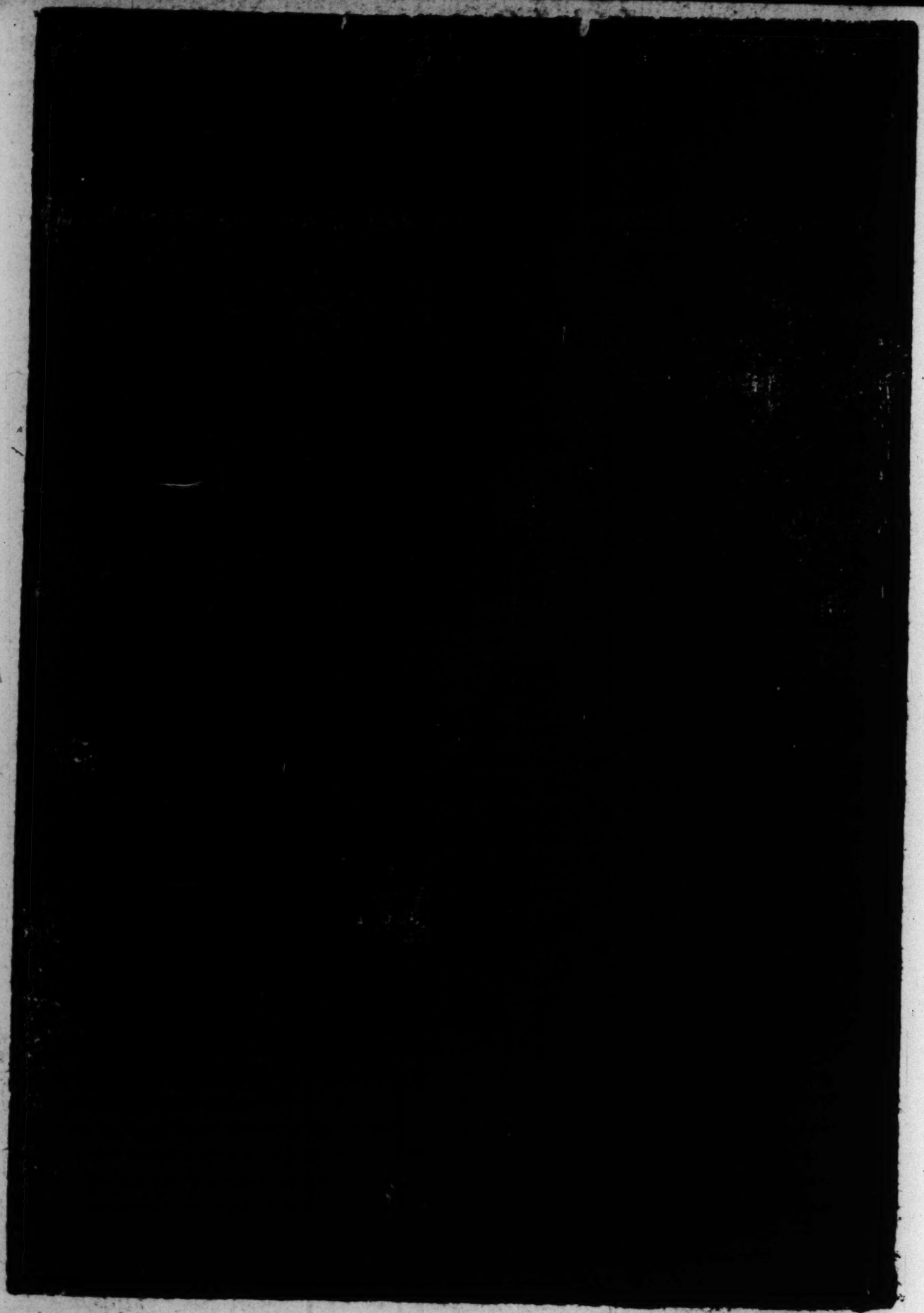


A *plague* by much more common to vs, then
The last great sickneſſe. Many more the men
Who ſuffer in it. That which now is gone,
Was but the *Figure*, of a greater One
To follow. Since the first that e'er was borne;
A fuller number was not knowne to mourne.
For all the *old Men* of the *Kingdomes* weepe,
Since HE that promis'd by HIS *strength* to keepe
Their *children* free from *others* violence;
And by *example* from their *owne* offence;
Is taken from 'em. And they would haue died
When HE did, but for tarying to prouide
A *ſecond* care for that they would haue left
To HIM, of whoſe *protection* th'are bereft.
If we doe well conſider their iuſt woes;
We muſt include our yong men too, in thoſe:
And grieue for euer: For our old mens teares,
Are rather for the time *to come*, then theirs.
If they that ſhall not liue to ſuffer much
Vnder this cauſe of *ſorrow*, vtter ſuch
A paſſion for it; *more* it does belong
To *vs* that now are *growing* to it; *yong*;
As if our *generations* had intent,
We ſhould be *borne* to feele the *puniſhment*.
Now let vs *willingly* giue griefe regard;
Leaſt we be *forc'd* to doe it *afterward*,
By *Heauen's* iuſt anger. Stay a little. Why
Should yong men thinke the old ſhall ſooner die?

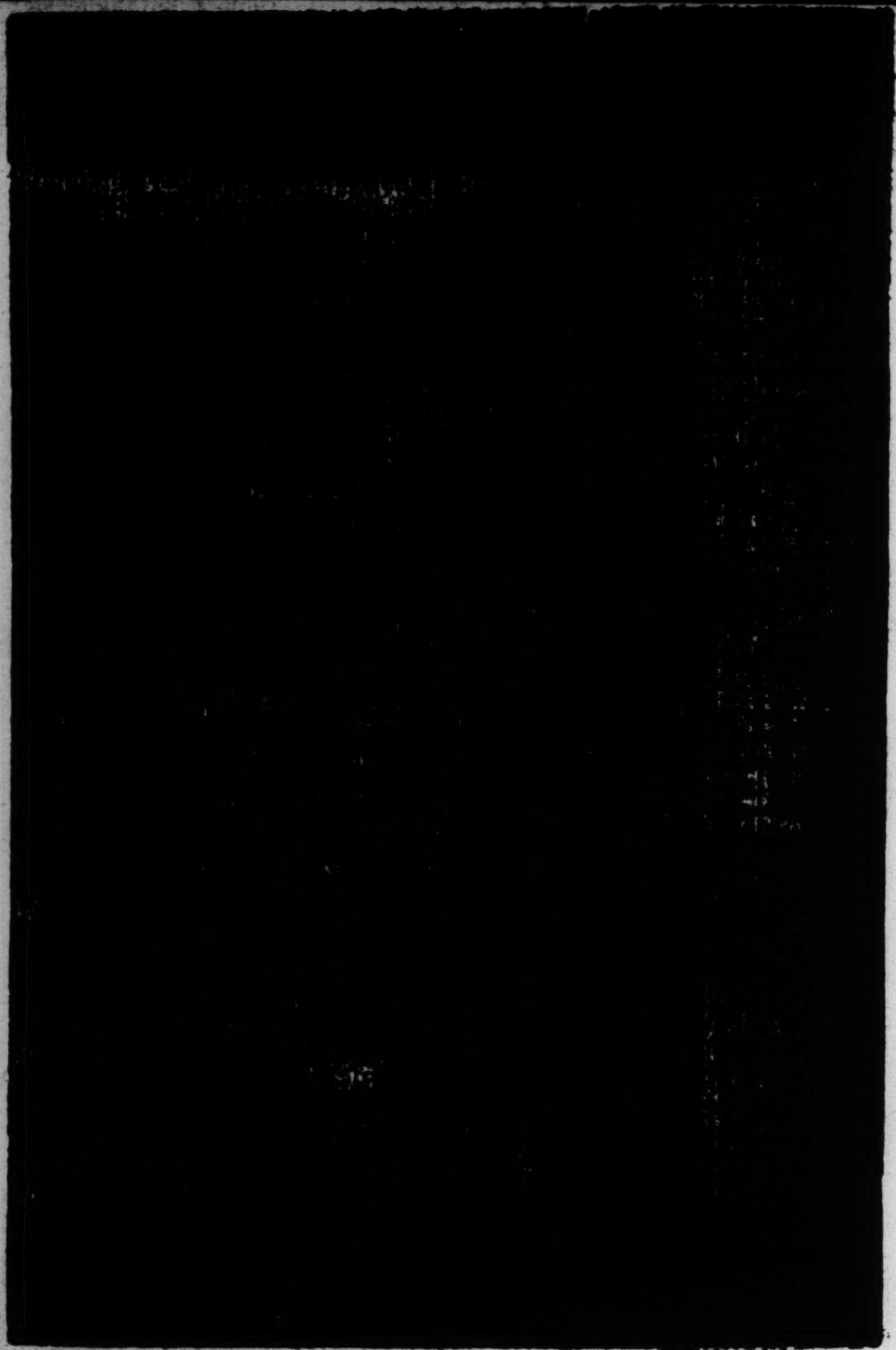


His youths great broken promiſe wee complaine.
Yet none was greater. And are ours leſſe vaine?
Miſtake not. As *Humanitie* now goes;
He liu'd a *Man* as long as any does.
For (onelie) in thoſe *Minutes* that wee giue
To *Vertue*, wee are *Trulie* ſaid to liue
Men, and no longer. If we recken then,
His good houres, with the good of other Men;
His Times whole added numbers will ariſe,
To his, that tels out foureſkore ere he dies.
To prooue this, looke as low as ere you can;
And heare the words of the deiected Man;
The *Souldier* ſpeakes them. *Honour! Now I ſee,*
There is no hope that any Age will be
So good and noble as the ancient were.
None ſo Heroique euer ſhall appeare.
For if that Fate, (which cannot be withſtood)
Had not decreed, there ſhould be none ſo good;
Shee would not haue neglected ſuch a worth
As His *was, to haue brought that great worke forth.*
But hauing purpos'd it ſhould neuer be;
And hearing euery where by Fame, that Hee
Was making one; ſhe kill'd Him.—Marke his eye;
Hee weepes. *He* weepes; that can more eaſilie
Weepe *Blood* then *Water*. Then I wonder, how
Or *He*, or anye other *Souldier*, now,
Can hold his *ſword vnbroken*; ſince Hee was,
That gaue them *Count'nance*. That's the Cauſe (alas)

They

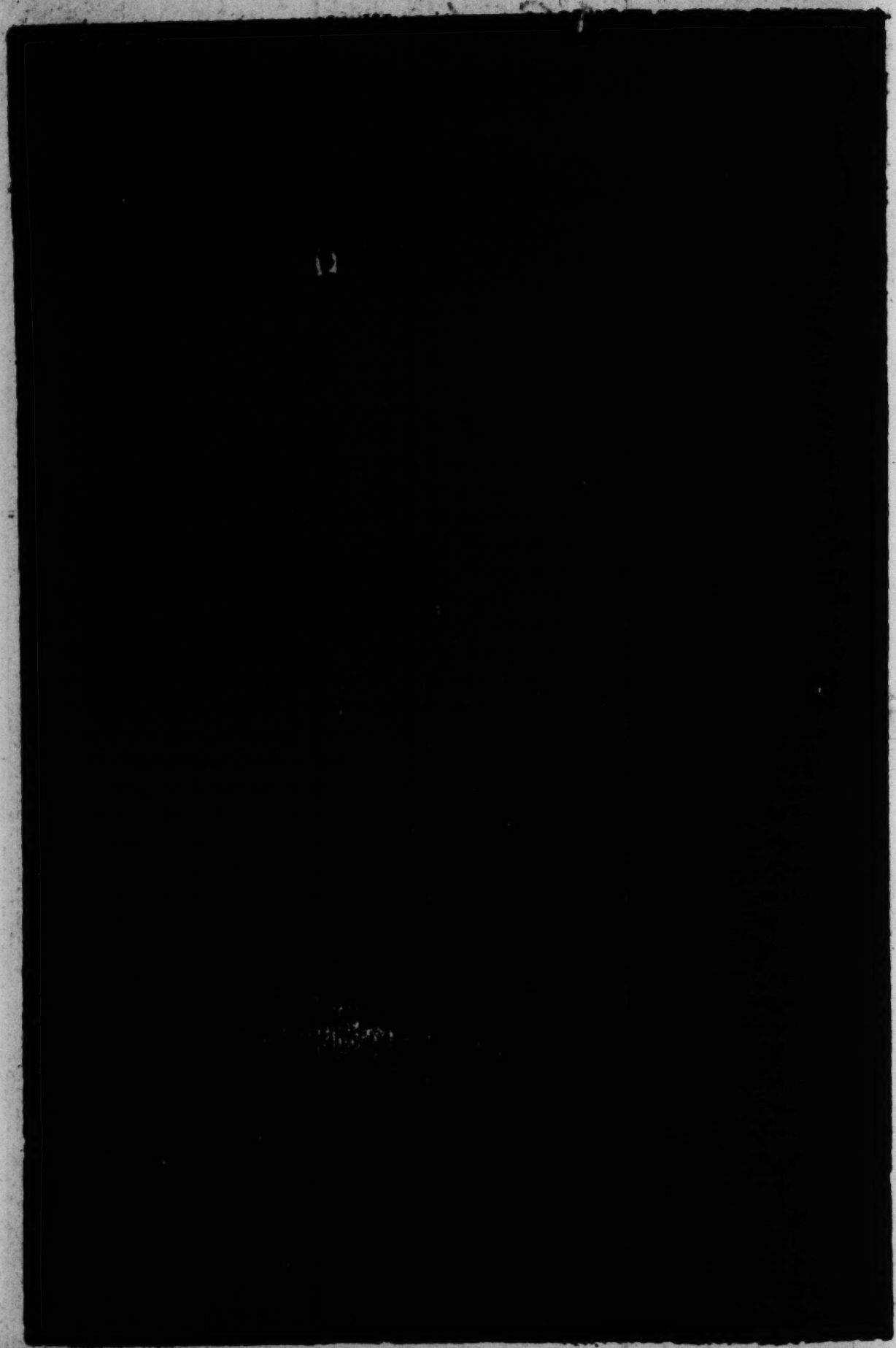


They doe not [illegible] them, and a [illegible] mouse.
They weare them [illegible], to keepe them from *abuse*.
For that great *fauour* now has made an *end*;
That their despis'd conditions did *defend*.
Artes too, are so discourag'd by their harmes;
In losse of HIM, who lou'd both *them* and Armes;
That they would all leaue *studie* and decline
From *Learning*; if those *Naturall* and *Diuine*
Perswading *Contemplations*, did not leade
The *One* to *Heauen*; the *other* to the *dead*;
(Betweene whose *parts*, they haue diuided HIS;)
And promise, *so*, to bring them where HEE is.
But I would haue their *studies* neuer die;
For preseruation of HIS *Memorie*.
How can *that* perish? That will euer keepe;
Because th'impression of it is so deepe.
When any *Painter* to the *life*, that saw
HIS *presence* fullie, takes in hand to draw
An *Alexander*, or a *Cæsar*; 'his best
Imaginations will bee so possess't
With HIS *Remembrance*, that as HEE does limme,
Hee'l make that *Worthie's* picture like to HIM.
And then t'will be a *Piece* of such a *Grace*,
For *Height* and *Sweetnesse*; as that onely *Face*
Will make another *Painter*, that ne'er knew
HIM liuing, follow as the other drew.
How great a *Character* deserues HEE then,
Whose *Memorie* shall but expire with men?



When a Diuine, or Poet, sets downe right,
What other Princes should bee; Hee shall write
What THIS *was.* That's HIS *Character*, which beares
My sorrow inward, to goe forth in teares.
Yet some of Ioy too, mix'd with those of *Greefe*;
That flow from apprehension of releefe.
I see HIS *spirit* turn'd into a *starre*;
Whose *influence* makes that HIS owne *Vertues* are
Succeeded iustlie; otherwise, the *worst*,
As at HIS *Funerall* should proceede the *first*.
HIS *Natiue goodnes*, followes in HIS *Roome*;
Else good Men would be buried in HIS *Tombe*.
O! suffer this to be a faithfull verse;
To liue for euer, weeping o'er HIS *Herse.*

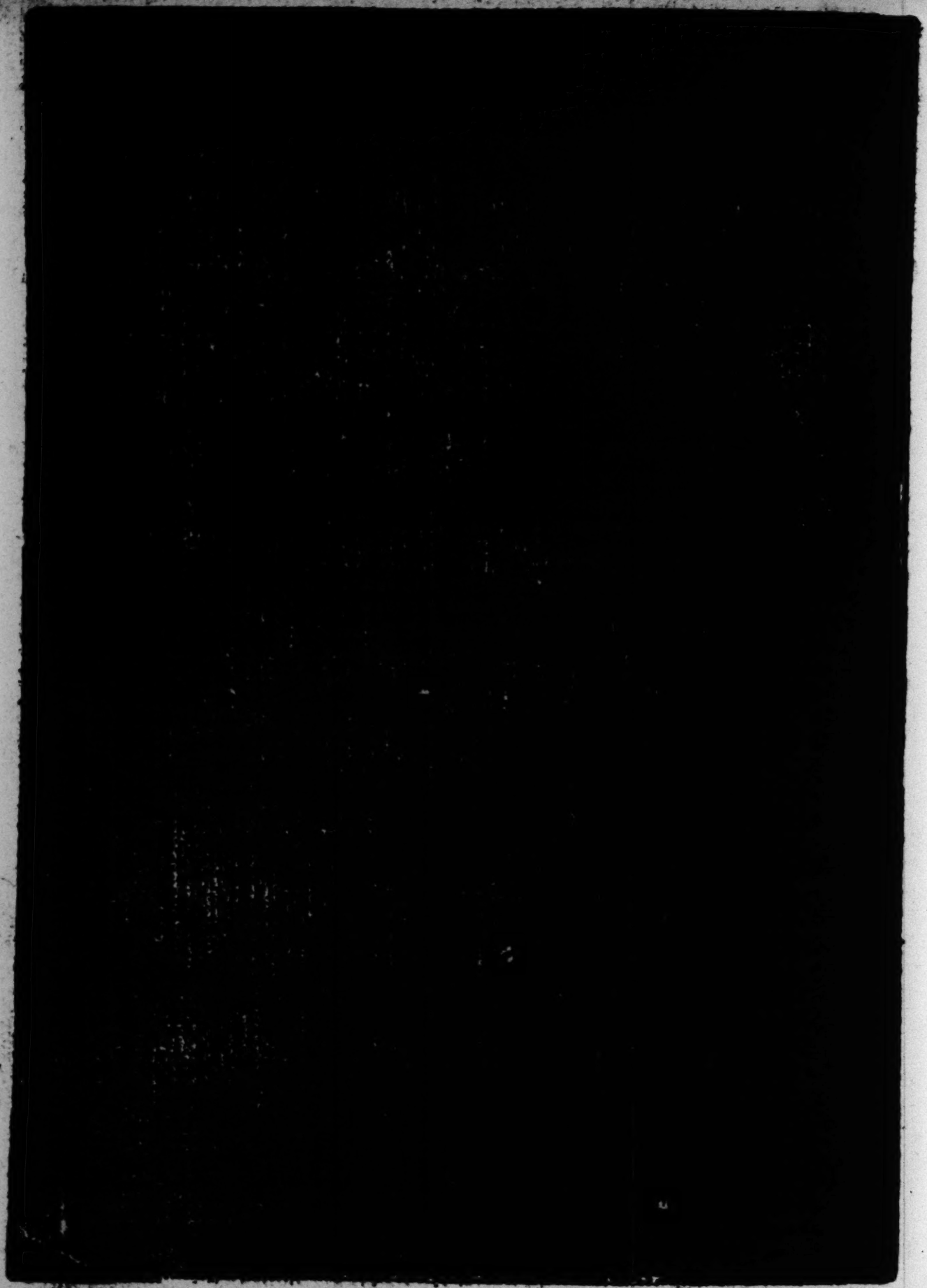
CYRIL TOVRNEVR.



ON THE REPRESENTATION OF THE Prince at his Funeralls.

HE that the *Life* of this *Face* euer sawe;
The *Mildnes* in it noting, and the *Awe*:
Will iudge that *Peace* did either in her *Loue*,
So soone aduance HIM to her *State* aboue;
Or else in *Feare* that HE would *Warre* preferre,
Concluded with HIM, HE should *Liue* with *Her*.
To *Both*, HIS aptnesse fluently appeares,
In eu'rie *Souldiers* griefe, and *Schollars* teares.

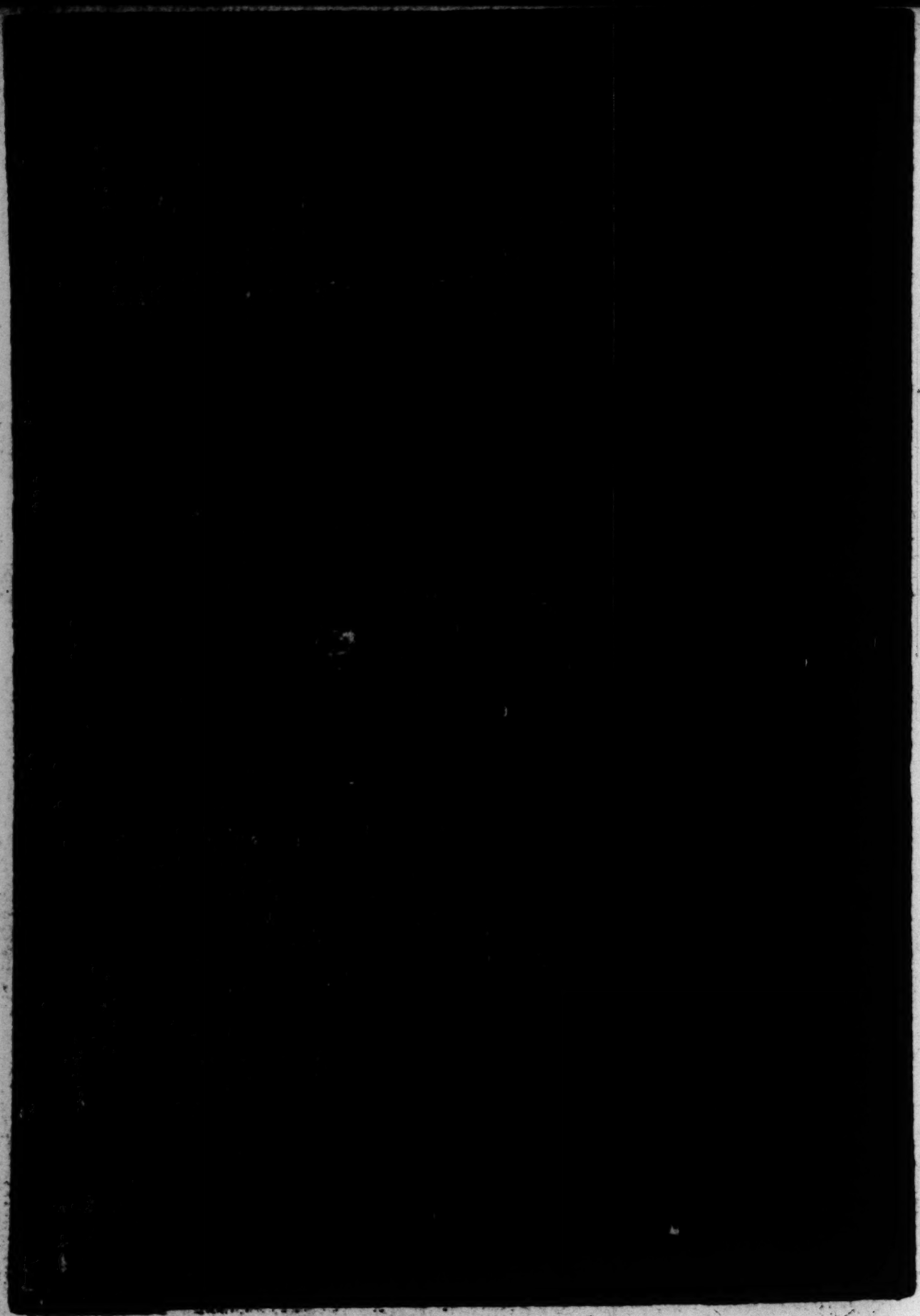
C. T.

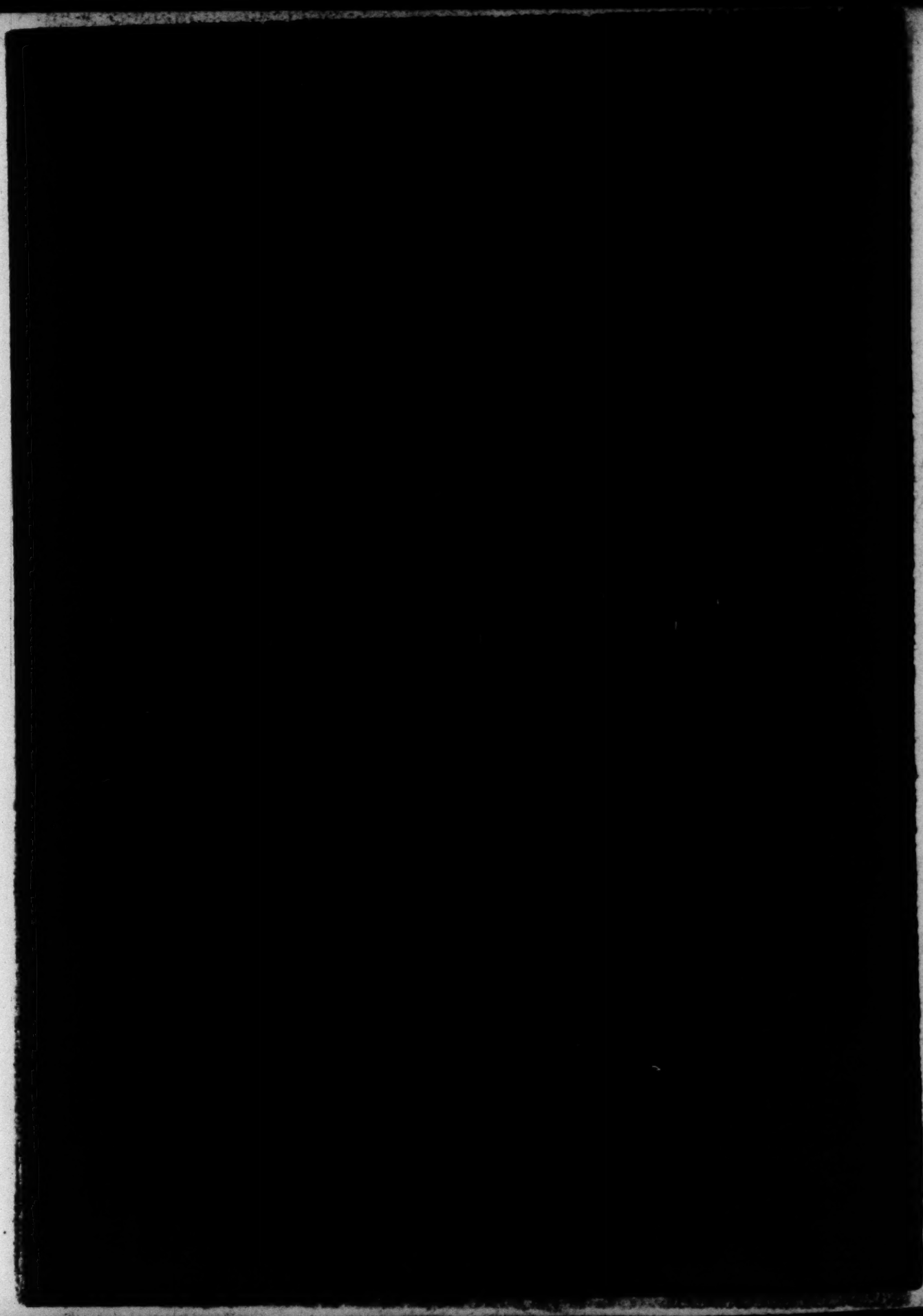


On the Succession.

THE *State* of *England* hath beene oft oppreſs'd,
By many great *pretenders*. Fewe poſſeſ'd
The Kingdomes title *ſafelie*, but when *One*
Deſcended, and inherited *alone*.
Prince HENRIE ſaw his brother CHARLES was younger,
Therefore in *Loue* (becauſe *Hee* might liue longer;)
Gaue way: and for the Kingdomes *ſtrengthening*,
Hee left but one SONNE to ſucceed the KING.

C. T.



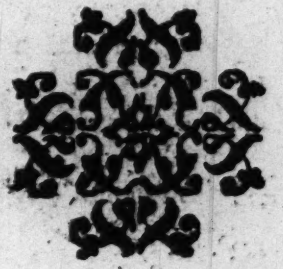


A MONVMENTAL COLVMNE,

Erected to the liuing Memory of the euer-glorious HENRY, late *Prince of Wales.*

Virgil. *Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata*

By IOHN WEBSTER.



LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* for *William Welby*, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Swan. 1613.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR ROBERT CARRE VISCOVNT

Rocheſter, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maieſties moſt Honourable Priuy Councell.

MY Right Noble Lord: I preſent to your voideſt leaſure of Suruey, theſe few ſparkes, found out, in our moſt glorious Prince his aſhes: I could not haue thought this worthy your view, but that it aimes at the preſeruation of His fame: then which, I know not any thing, (but the ſacred liues of both their Maieſties, and their ſweete Iſſue) that can be dearer vnto you. Were my whole life turned into leaſure, and that leaſure acccompanied with all the Muſes, it were not able to draw a Map large enough of him: for his praiſe is an high-going ſea, that wants both ſhore and bottome. Neither do I (my Noble Lord) preſent you with this night-peece, to make his death-bed ſtill floate, in thoſe compaſſionate riuers of your eyes: you haue already, (with much lead vpon your heart) ſounded

both the sorow Royal, and your Owne: O that care should euer attaine to so ambitious a Title! Onely heere (though I dare not say) you shall find him liue: (for that assurance were worth many kingdomes,) yet you shall perceiue him draw a little breath, such as giues vs comfort, His Critticall day is past, and the glory of a new life risen, neither subiect to Physicke, nor Fortune. For my defects in this vndertaking, my wish presents it selfe with that of Martials.

O vtinam mores animumq; effingere possem!
Pulctrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

How soeuer: your protection is able to giue it noble lustre, and bind me by that honourable courtesy to be euer

Your Honours truely
deuoted seruant,

IOHN WEBSTER.

A FVNERAL ELEGY.

THe greatest of the Kingly Race is gone,
Yet with so great a reputation,
Layd in the earth, we cannot say hee's dead,
But as a perfect Diamond set in lead,
(Scorning our foyle) his glories do breake forth,
Worne by his Maker, who best knew his worth:
Yet to our fleshly eyes, there does belong
That which we thinke helps griefe, *a passionat tongue.*
Me thinkes I see mens hearts pant in their lips,
" *We should not grieue at the bright Sunnes Eeclips*
" *But that we loue his light.* So trauellers stray
Wanting both guide, and conduct of the day:
Nor let vs striue to make this sorrow old,
" *For wounds smart most, when that the blood growes*
If Princes thinke that Ceremony meet *cold.*
To haue their corps imbalm'd to keepe them sweet:
Much more they ought to haue their Fame expreſt
In *Homer*, though it want *Darins Chest*

To

To adorne which, in her deserued Throne,
I bring those colours, which *Truth* calles her owne.
Nor gaine, nor praise, by my weake lines are sought,
" *Loue that's borne free, cannot be hir'd nor bought.*
Some great inquisitors in nature say,
Royall and Generous formes, sweetly display
Much of the heauenly vertue, as proceeding
From a pure essence, and elected breeding.
How'ere, truth for him thus much doth importune,
His forme, and vertue, both deseru'd his fortune:
For 'tis a question, not decided yet,
Whether his *Mind*, or *Fortune* were more great.
Me thought I saw him in his right hand weild
A *Caduceus*; in th'other *Pallas* shield:
His minde quite voyd of ostentation,
His high erected thoughts look't downe vpon
The smiling valley of his fruitfull heart.
Honour and *Curtesie* in euery part
Proclaim'd him, and grew louely in each lim,
He well became those vertues which grac'd him.
He spread his bounty with a prouident hand;
And not like those that sow th'ingratefull sand.
His rewards followed reason, nere were plac't
For ostentation, and to make them last,
He was not like the mad and thriftlesse Vine,
Simile. That spendeth all her blushes at one time:
But, like the *Orange* tree, his fruits he bore;
Some gather'd, he had greene, and blossomes store.

We

A Funerall Elegie.

This Vniuerſe imagine a Theater,
Nations ſpectators, and this land a ſtage.
Was euer Actor, made by the Creator,
That better ſcean'd his part vnto his Age?
'Mongſt all compos'd of fire, aire, earth and water,
So grauely yong, and ſo vnmellowed ſage:
Whoſe Trunke the Tombe exacts, as of a detter,
Subiect or Prince, none euer acted better.

Nay who ſo well? yet as oft-times we ſee
(Preſented in a lofty buskind ſtile)
Achilles fall, *Therſites* to ſcape free,
The eminent *Hector* on the dead-mans file
Numbred and rank't, when men more baſe then he
Suruiue the battell of leſſe worth and ſtile.
So thouſands haue ſuruiu'd theſe mortall brals,
Whil'ſt amongſt millions, ſtanding, *Henry* fals.

Whom ſhall I blame for this? Iuſt heauen? oh no,
Starres are their eyes, and (with ſo many) ſeeing,
What cloud can hud-winke all? beſides we know,
The Maker that gaue Them and Vs our being, (low
Whoſe out-ſtretcht hand ſteares all things here be-
The impriſned *ſoules* frō their baſe bondage freeing,
Being all goodneſſe, he can neuer erre.
Then vnto whom ſhall we the blame transferre?

To Earth? we know ſhe naturally breeds
Both Trees for vſe, and Plants that onely ſpring:
But neither beare nor build: both flowers & weeds,
Simples, hearbes, roots, and euery other thing,
For ſmell or pallat, that delights, or feeds.
Should faire *Pomona* to *Vertumnus* bring
Her choyceſt ſtore, ſhe could not deck her bower
With ſuch a ſweet, faire, odoriferous flower.

Is not the Earth a Mother? and could ſhe
Contentedly part with her beſt-lou'd Sonne?
In whoſe creation *Nature* was ſo free,
That to compoſe him, ſhe was halfe vndone
Her ſtore ſhe had ſo waſted: for, to be
As he was late, *Ages* muſt backward runne,
And her great *Ware-houſe*, as in it firſt pride,
With her firſt plenty muſt be new ſupply'd.

It was not *Earth* then ſure: might it be *Nature*?
Would ſhe her choyceſt worke-manſhip deſtroy?
Her beſt of fabrickes: both for beauty, ſtature,
And all perfections mankinde can enioy?
And in his growth, before he was full *Mature*,
Vnto her owne pride could ſhe proue ſo coy,
As to this height of ſpight to haue tranſcended,
To ſpoyle ſo braue a worke ere 'twas full ended?

Vnleſſe

A Funerall Elegie.

Vnleſſe I could imagine one ſo fond
To build a gorgious pallace, but to race it:
A cunning painter that hath gone beyond
His skill, in a faire picture, to deface it
Before the world his cunning vnderſtand.
For one to make a rich ſuit, and ere grace it
Cut it it to ſhreds. Imagine theſe to be,
Elſe from his ſad fate I muſt *Nature* free.

On whom ſhall I this blacke aſperſion caſt?
Vpon the *Furies*, *Fiends*, and *Hagges* below,
And ſay that *Hell* had hand in't at the laſt?
Although I hate *Hell*, Il'e not iniur't ſo;
As ſtands *Ioue's Tree*, whom lightning cannot blaſt,
So high, ſo broad, ſo greene, this plant did grow.
As is the *Lawrell* from all Tempeſts free,
So thouſand *Hels* could haue no power o're *Thee*.

If neither *Heauen*, *Earth*, *Nature*, nor yet *Hell*,
Or would not, or elſe could not act thy ruine,
If none of theſe ſuch ſorrrowes might compell,
Both to this preſent *Age*, and *Times* enſuing.
What was it then? or who? *Muſe* canſt thou tell?
Reſolue the world, and to their generall viewing
Preſent the cauſe why in his prime of yeares,
So great a people ſhould be waſht in teares.

It was not *Fate*, his vertues and choyce graces,
(Gifts both of *Heauen* and *Nature*) mixt with ſtate,
Had in his boſome choſe ſuch ſoueraigne places,
That he was arm'd againſt all power of *Fate:*
Nor *Time*, though he before him driues, and chaces
Minutes, dayes, months and yeares: till he call late
Euery new ſeaſon; to haue ſau'd his *Prime*,
From his own daies he would haue lent him *time*.

I muſt excuſe *Age*, and extent of yeares:
For they (alacke the while) nere ſaw each other.
Oh had they met, we then had ſpar'd theſe teares,
And ſau'd this griefe, which is too great to ſmother,
So milde, ſo graue, ſo reuerent, *Age* appeares
He would haue ioy'd to imbrace him as a brother,
As youth his hopes: he would haue ſtriu'd to raiſe
His fortunes, beeing cloath'd in ancient dayes.

The *Muſes* and the *Arts* I can acquite:
For they are all too good to act ſuch ill,
Prepoſterous 'twere to thinke them oppoſite
So farre to their owne life, as ſeeke to kill
Him through whoſe *eies* they did receiue their ſight,
And to whoſe practiſe they confin'd their will:
Whoſe actions were his deeds, in whom they ſaw
All vertues grac'd with a Maieſticke awe.

Nor

Nor would the *Muſes* haue giuen ſuch occaſion
Of their owne teares, which they ſo freely ſhed.
What purpoſe then? what motiue? what perſwaſion
Hath bene the cauſe that we lament him dead?
Or how came *Death* to make this proud inuaſion,
And casket vp this gem in ſtone and lead?
Himſelfe could not, (for he was all perfection)
Bring his faire body to this low deiection.

'Twas that which ſhattered *Sylo*, made the earth
Gape, and at once deuoure both *Tribes* and *Tents*:
That made the ſphears ſhowre fire, all *Natures birth*
Confin'd into one Arke: that all diſcents,
Degrees and Titles in one generall dearth,
Swept from th'earths face, that beyond all extents,
Limits and bounds, incenſt *Ioues* indignation,
To drowne the world in a deep inundation.

What monſter may we call this? *Sinne*: our ſinne,
When one alone (and but one) that of pride,
Caſt Angels from the higheſt *Cherubin*,
All their bright gloryes in the *Abiſme* to hide;
Since many millions we are wrapped in,
As vgly and as horrid: deepe ſinnes dy'd
In bloud, and death; no wonder if they pull
This wrath on vs, to make our griefes more full.

They were our ſelues then, that our ſelues haue made
Thus hapleſſely diſtreſt, thus inly ſad.
Yet as we reade, to haue the rage allai'd
Of a deepe gulfe: the *Romans* notice had
From th'Oracle, that breach could not be ſtaid
Till *Romes* beſt *Iewell* ſtopt it. *Curtius* clad
In his beſt Armes and mounted on his ſteed,
To ſaue a People did a Torrent feede.

So ſince this beſt of *Iewels England* ſtor'd,
Hath ſtopt the gaping entrailes of the graue:
Let after ages of this Prince record,
Hee freely gaue a life, a land to ſaue.
As gold the Miſers God (by them ador'd)
Depends vpon the Sunne, from him to haue
His purity of Temper, and as glaſſe,
Showes th'vtmoſt vertue that the fire can paſſe.

By which they haue the pureneſſe not to bee
Others then what they are, ſtrange formes to take,
And looſe their natiue *eſſe*: euen ſo Hee,
Being the perfect'ſt worke Nature could make,
Cannot conuert to Duſt and Earth as We,
Or his firſt Beauty in the graue forſake.
Since Nature in his birth to him hath done,
More then to Glaſſe or Gold, the Fire or Sunne.

A Funerall Elegie.

The more we ioy'd to ſee his vertues grow,
The greater are our ſorrowes for his lacke:
Exceſſe of ioy begets exceſſe of woe,
Oft generall weale precedes a generall wracke.
Oh! why ſhould our beſt pleaſures periſh ſo,
Like waters that paſſe by but ne're run backe?
And yet to make vs euer thinke of Teares,
Though the waues fleete, the Riuer ſtill appeares.

I'le ſhow the cauſe. *Ioue* ſeeing earthly Pleaſure,
By Man ſo honoured that the Gods he hated:
(Being ador'd by Mortals aboue meaſure)
Cal'd her to Heauen there to be new inſtated,
Shee ſtraight diſroabes her of all Earthly Treaſure,
As all muſt needes do, that are ſo tranſlated.
Greife baniſht Earth, whilſt Pleaſure heere made
Finding her Habite ſteales it quite away. (ſtay,

And in that forged Roabe ſhee hath deluded
The world with fading ioyes and tranſitory:
For ſince ſhee firſt into that ſhape intruded
There was on Earth no true eſſentiall glory.
All conſtancy from Mankind is excluded,
Ioy hath no permanence: finde mee a ſtory,
That euer hath recorded Man ſo bleſt,
But happied once, he hath bene twice diſtreſt.

To

A Funerall Elegie.

To tell his worth were but to adde to ſorrow,
Like him that being rob'd, ſtill caſts the ſumme:
The preſent fright ſo much from griefe doth borrow
That the inſtant feels not whence the paſſions come;
The extaſy once paſt, when, on the morrow
The cauſe is weighed, the voyce no more is dumme:
The eies that had their conduits ſtopt before,
Now freely runne, and the hearts griefe deplore.

No Oracles were weightier then his words,
Thoſe that ſhould counſell him hee could aduiſe:
Art had in him her Manſion: Princes ſwords
Should defend *Art*, and *Art* make Princes wiſe,
They had ioin'd league: his fluent braine affoords
A Library of *Knowledge*, and vnties
The knotted'ſt ſoryte; faire *Pernaſſus* well,
The Muſes did abandon, there to dwell.

As Mettals by the ſound, ſo could he try
The flaſhy from the ſollid when they ſpake:
Cleere was his iudgement, as his ſpirit was hye,
His ſmile was mercy, but his frowne did ſhake.
His aime was to know *Art* and Chiualry,
Saue when to heauen he did his vowes betake.
He ſtudied *Man*: but to be better farre
Then man can be: He was halfe *Loue*, halfe *Warre*.

Hee

That barbarons language which ſhall ſound him ill,
Fames lips ſhall bleed, yet nere her trumpet fill
VVith breath enough, but not in ſuch ſicke aire,
As make waſte Elegies to his Tombe repaire,
VVith ſcraps of commendation more baſe
Then are the ragges they are writ on, ô diſgrace
To nobler Poeſie. This brings to light,
Not that they can, but that they cannot write,
Better, they had, nere troubled his ſweet trance,
So, ſilence ſhould haue hid their ignorance:
For hee's a reuerend ſubiect to be pend
Onely by his ſweet *Homer* and my frend.
Moſt ſauadge Nations ſhould his death deplore;
VViſhing he had fet his foot vpon their ſhore,
Onely to haue made them ciuill. This blacke night
Hath falne vpon's be Natures ouer-ſight:
Or while the fatall ſiſter ſought to twine
His threed, and keepe it euen, ſhe drew it ſo fine,
It burſt. O all compos'd of excellent parts,
Yong, graue *Mecœnas* of the noble Arts, (Tombe,
VVhoſe beames ſhall breake forth from thy hollow
Staine the time paſt, and light the time to come.
O thou that in thy owne praiſe ſtill wer't mute,
Reſembling trees, the more they are tane with fruit,
The more they ſtriue to bow and kiſſe the ground.
Thou that in queſt of man, haſt truly found,

That while men rotten vapours, do perſue,
They could not be thy friends, and flatterers too:
That deſpight all iniuſtice wouldſt haue proued
So iuſt a *Steward* for this Land, and loued
Right for it owne ſake: now ô woe the while,
Flet'eſt dead in teares, like to a mouing Ile.
Time was when Churches in the land were thought
Rich Iewel-houſes, and this Age hath bought
That time againe, thinke not I faine, go view
Henry the ſeuenths Chappell, and you'le find it true,
The duſt of a rich Diamond's there inſhrind
To buy which thence, would begger the *weſt-Indes*:
What a darke night-peece of tempeſtious weather,
Haue the inraged clouds ſummon'd together,
As if our loftieſt Pallaces ſhould grow
To ruine, ſince ſuch Highneſſe fell ſo low.
And angry *Neptune* makes his Pallace groane,
That the deafe Rockes may Ecco the Lands moane.
Euen ſenceles things ſeeme to haue loſt their pride,
And looke like that dead month wherein he died,
To cleare which; ſoone ariſe that glorious day,
VVhich in her ſacred Vnion ſhall diſplay
Infinite bleſſings that we all may ſee,
The like to that of *Virgils* golden Tree.
A branch of which being ſlipt, there freſhly grew
Another that did boaſt like forme and hew.

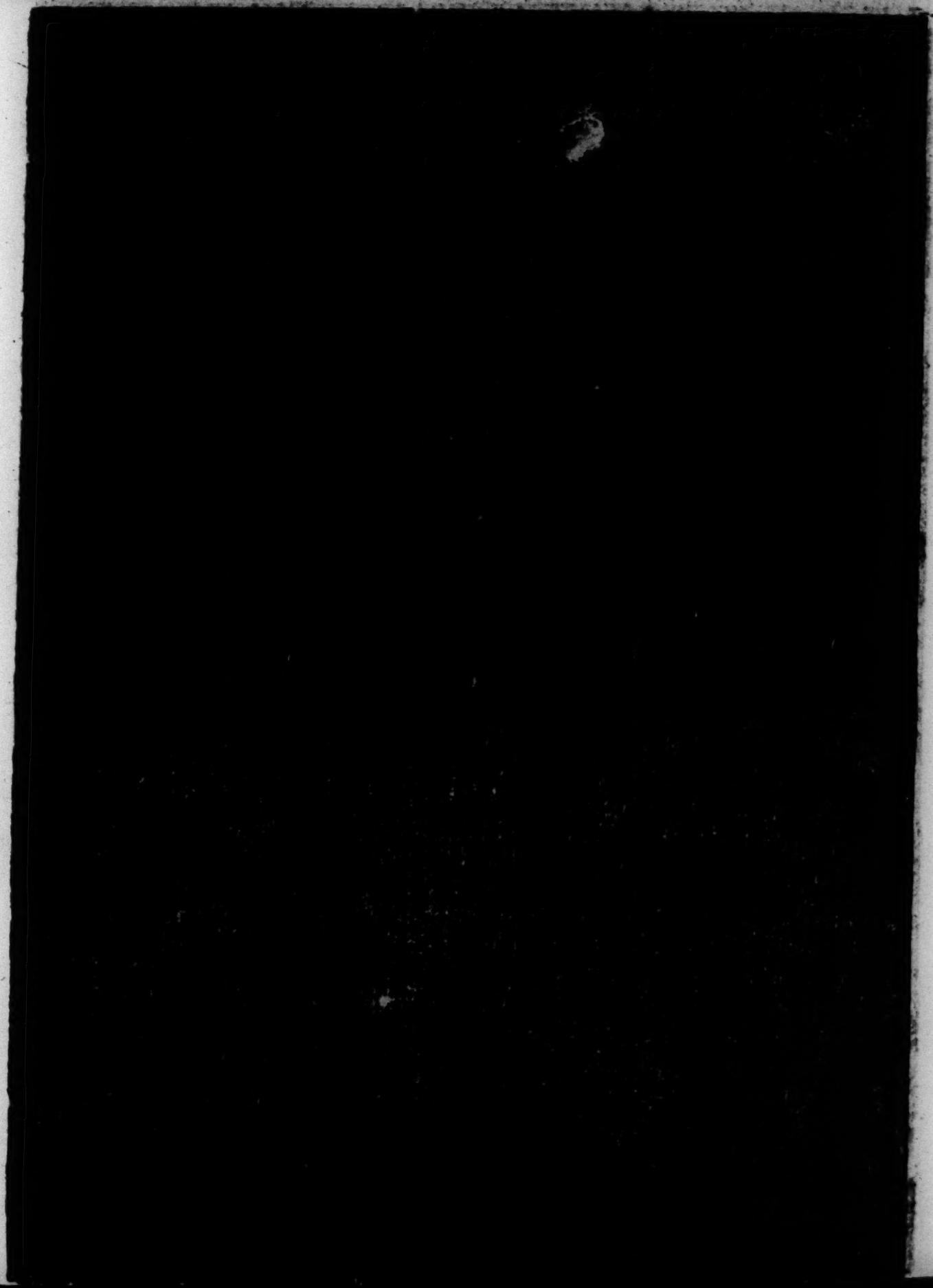
And

And for theſe worthleſſe lines, let it be ſaid,
I haſted, till I had, this tribute paid.
Vnto his graue, ſo let the ſpeede excuſe,
The zealous error of my paſſionate *Muſe*.
Yet though his praiſe heere beare ſo ſhort a wing,
Thames hath more *Swannes*, that will his praiſes ſing
In ſweeter tunes, bee-pluming his ſad Hearce,
And his three fethers, while men liue, or verſe.
And by theſe ſignes of loue let great men know,
That ſweete and generous fauour they beſtow
Vpon the *Muſes*, neuer can be loſt:
For they ſhall liue by them, when all the coſt
Of guilded Monuments ſhall fall to duſt,
„ They graue in metle that ſuſtaines no ruſt.
„ Their wood yeelds hony and induſtrious Bees,
„ Kills Spiders, and their webs like Iriſh Trees.
„ A Poets pen like a bright Scepter ſwaies,
„ And keepes in awe dead mens diſpraiſe or praiſe.
Thus tooke He acquittance of all worldly ſtrife,
„ *The euening ſhowes the day, and death crownes life.*

My Impreſa to your Lordſhip, a Swan flying to a Lawrell for ſhelter; the Mot.

Amor eſt mihi cauſa.

FINIS.



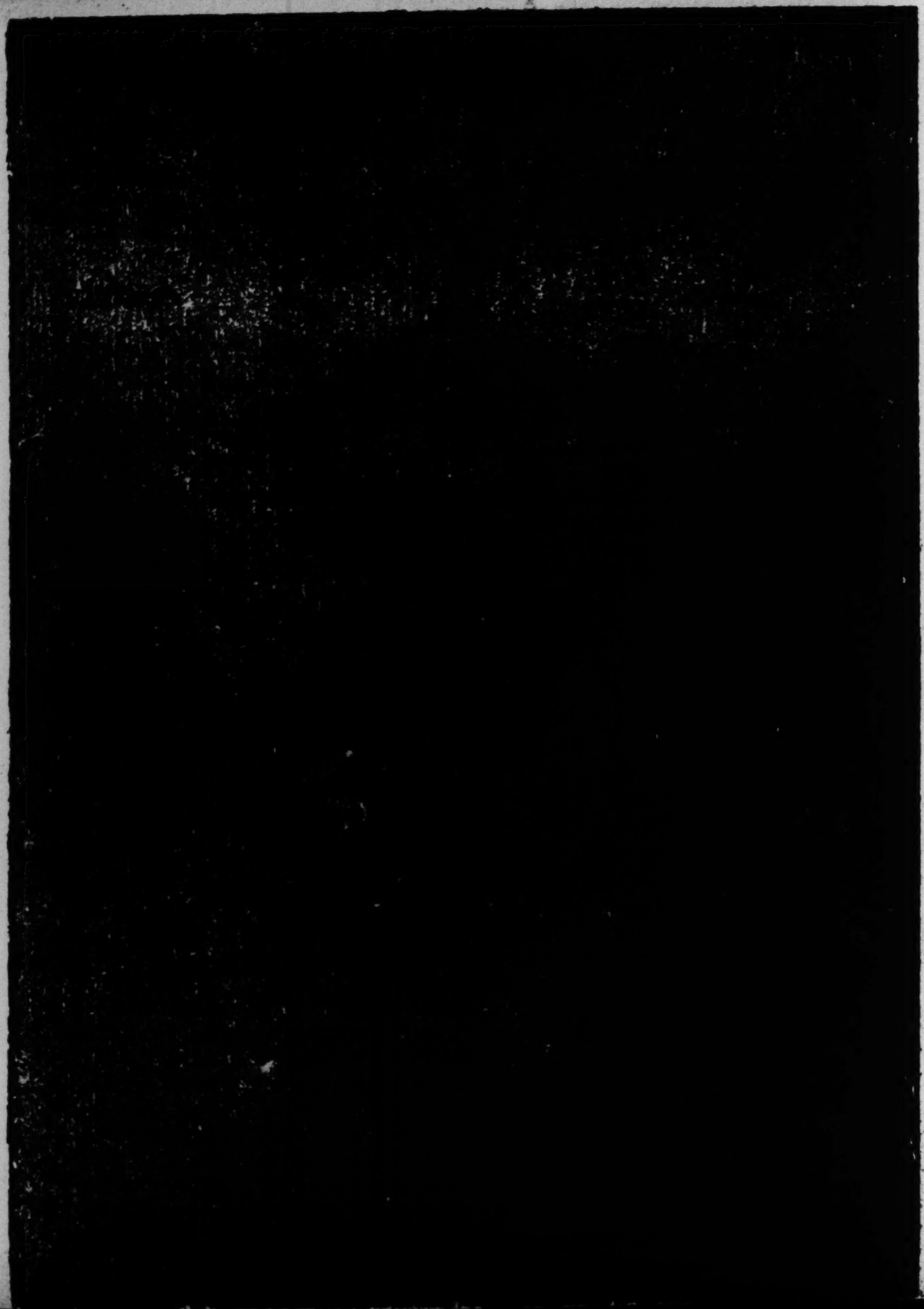
A FVNERALL Elegie,

Vpon the death of the late most *hopefull and illustrious Prince*, HENRY, Prince of Wales.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Quid numeras Annos? vixit maturior Annis:
Acta senem faciunt, hæc numeranda tibi.

LONDON,
Printed for *william welbie*, dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe of the Swan. 1613.



To the right Honourable, *Edward* Earle of Worceſter, Lord of Chepſtoll, *Ragland, and Gower, Knight of* the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, Maiſter of the Horſe, and one of the Kings moſt Honourable Priuy Councell.

AS to the moſt compaſſionate in this generall mourning (right Honourable) I dedicate this Funerall Elegy to your gracious protection: wiſhing with my ſoule, I might haue had a more pleaſing ſubiect, both for my Pen, and your Patronage, but ſince the Heauens haue giuen vs this cauſe, it is a duty to entertaine the occaſion, & an vnanſwerable negligence to omit it; pitty it were that Pen ſhould euer, more caſt inke, that would not make the whiteſt paper mourne in ſo vniuerſall a ſorrow: To whom then may I ſo aptly conſecrate theſe Teares, as to your Honour? whoſe entire zeale to the Prince liuing (as I am confident) equal'd the Beſt: ſo (I am no leſſe aſſured) your ſorrow for his death hath exceeded the moſt, and (if I may offenceleſſe ſpeake it) contended with the greateſt. Accept, I intreate your Honour, this my obliged duty to him, and euer acknowledged ſeruice to you; wiſhing all future occurrences, to be true, and eſſentiall cauſes of your ioies: and this laſt, the laſt of your Teares.

Your Honours moſt
Affectionately deuoted,

THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

TO THE READER.

WHy ſhould I vnto any priuate Peere,
Commend theſe ſorrows for a Prince like deere?
To all ſorts, Sexes, Titles, and eſtates.
Liues there a man, that when his friend relates
This Princes Fate, (though he before were glad
With ſurpluſage) when he but thinkes we had,
But haue him not, though he knowes hee's Diuine,
And cannot better'd be; his eyes droppe brine;
If I may (mongſt theſe ſad ones) then include
The Gentle, Baſe, the Poliſht, and the Rude.
If from the Head to th' Heele, this Land complaine,
As well the learn'd Clarke, as the ignorant Swaine,
If neither Country, Citty, Campe, nor Court
Hath ſcap't this deluge; but we may report
All drench't in't: euery man to haue wept his turne,
And ſtill in heart (though not in habit) mourne.
To thee (ô Reader) whoſo-ere thou be,
I dedicate this Funerall Elegie.
But thou that canſt not read, canſt thou but heare?
If thy attention can but force one teare,
For that: it is as welcome to thy hand,
As vnto thoſe I loue: that vnderſtand.

Thine T. H.

A 3

A Funerall Elegie,

Of the late moſt High and Illuſtrious Prince, HENRY, *Prince of Wales.*

IS all the Land in ſorrow, and can I
Still ſilent be? when euery *Muſe* exclames
On *Time*, on *Death*, and on ſad *Deſtiny*,
For HENRIES loſſe, curſing the fatall Dames.
Mournes *Chriſtendome*? and in a generall cry,
Vp-roares her griefes, whilſt ſome weake *Phiſicke*
Accuſing *Galen* of his want of skill (blames
That where he once can ſaue, doth oft-times kill.

Others

A Funerall Elegie.

Others on *Soueraignty*, that hath giuen power
To Princes, others forfet liues to ſaue,
Yet to their owne *Times* cannot adde an hower,
Or keepe their bodies from th'abortiue *Graue*.
Oh greedy *Earth*, whoſe hunger could deuoure
So choyce a gem! thou neuer leau'ſt to craue,
More rauenous then the moſt raging fires,
Earth ſtill the more it eates, the more deſires.

What *Muſe* ſhall I inuoke? To whom commit
The guidance of my weake vnable braine?
Whoſe humble thoughts neuer aſpired yet
A pitch ſo lofty, or ſo high a ſtraine,
A ſubiect for my weakeneſſe farre vnfit,
As neuer hauing like cauſe to complaine.
Was euer like to this? ſeene, heard, or read?
Th'*Hope* of three *kingdoms* (nay the *world*) is dead.

Whom ſhall I blame for this great *Croſſe of Croſſes*?
This preſent want, which *Earth* cannot ſupply,
To generall *Europe*, the great *Loſſe of Loſſes*.
Had we put all our ſinnes to vſury,
Could they haue yeelded vs ſuch *Droſſe of Droſſes*?
Had all the world deuis'd one *Tragedy*,
And drawne the proiect from a thouſand yeares,
From the ſpectators could it draw more teares?

This

A Funerall Elegie.

This Vniuerſe imagine a Theater,
Nations ſpectators, and this land a ſtage:
Was euer Actor, made by the Creator,
That better ſcean'd his part vnto his Age?
'Mongſt all compos'd of fire, aire, earth and water,
So grauely yong, and ſo vnmellowed ſage:
Whoſe Trunke the Tombe exacts, as of a detter,
Subiect or Prince, none euer acted better.

Nay who ſo well? yet as oft-times we ſee
(Preſented in a lofty buskind ſtile)
Achilles fall, *Therſites* to ſcape free,
The eminent *Hector* on the dead-mans file
Numbred and rank't, when men more baſe then he
Suruiue the battell of leſſe worth and ſtile.
So thouſands haue ſuruiu'd theſe morrall brals,
Whil'ſt amongſt millions, ſtanding, *Henry* fals.

Whom ſhall I blame for this? Iuſt heauen? oh no,
Starres are their eyes, and (with ſo many) ſeeing,
What cloud can hud-winke all? beſides we know,
The Maker that gaue Them and Vs our being, (low
Whoſe out-ſtretcht hand ſteares all things here be-
The impriſned *ſoules* frō their baſe bondage freeing,
Being all goodneſſe, he can neuer erre:
Then vnto whom ſhall we the blame transferre?

To Earth? we know ſhe naturally breeds
Both Trees for vſe, and Plants that onely ſpring:
But neither beare nor build: both flowers & weeds,
Simples, hearbes, roots, and euery other thing,
For ſmell or pallat, that delights, or feeds.
Should faire *Pomona* to *Vertumnus* bring
Her choyceſt ſtore, ſhe could not deck her bower
With ſuch a ſweet, faire, odoriferous flower.

Is not the Earth a Mother? and could ſhe
Contentedly part with her beſt-lou'd Sonne?
In whoſe creation *Nature* was ſo free,
That to compoſe him, ſhe was halfe vndone
Her ſtore ſhe had ſo waſted: for, to be
As he was late, *Ages* muſt backward runne,
And her great *ware-houſe*, as in it firſt pride,
With her firſt plenty muſt be new ſupply'd.

It was not *Earth* then ſure: might it be *Nature*?
Would ſhe her choyceſt worke-manſhip deſtroy?
Her beſt of fabrickes: both for beauty, ſtature,
And all perfections mankinde can enioy?
And in his growth, before he was full *Mature*,
Vnto her owne pride could ſhe proue ſo coy,
As to this height of ſpight to haue tranſcended,
To ſpoyle ſo braue a worke ere 'twas full ended?

Vnleſſe

A Funerall Elegie.

Vnleſſe I could imagine one ſo fond
To build a gorgious pallace, but to race it:
A cunning painter that hath gone beyond
His skill, in a faire picture, to deface it
Before the world his cunning vnderſtand.
For one to make a rich ſuit, and ere grace it
Cut it it to ſhreds. Imagine theſe to be,
Elſe from his ſad fate I muſt *Nature* free.

On whom ſhall I this blacke aſperſion caſt?
Vpon the *Furies*, *Fiends*, and *Hagges* below,
And ſay that *Hell* had hand in't at the laſt?
Although I hate *Hell*, Il'e not iniur't ſo;
As ſtands *Ioue's Tree*, whom lightning cannot blaſt,
So high, ſo broad, ſo greene, this plant did grow.
As is the *Lawrell* from all Tempeſts free,
So thouſand *Hels* could haue no power o're *Thee*.

If neither *Heauen*, *Earth*, *Nature*, nor yet *Hell*,
Or would not, or elſe could not act thy ruine,
If none of theſe ſuch ſorrowes might compell,
Both to this preſent *Age*, and *Times* enſuing.
What was it then? or who? *Muſe* canſt thou tell?
Reſolue the world, and to their generall viewing
Preſent the cauſe why in his prime of yeares,
So great a people ſhould be waſht in teares.

It was not *Fate*, his vertues and choyce graces,
(Gifts both of *Heauen* and *Nature*) mixt with ſtate,
Had in his boſome choſe ſuch ſoueraigne places,
That he was arm'd againſt all power of *Fate:*
Nor *Time*, though he before him driues, and chaces
Minutes, dayes, months and yeares: till he call late
Euery new ſeaſon; to haue ſau'd his *Prime*,
From his own daies he would haue lent him *time*.

I muſt excuſe *Age*, and extent of yeares:
For they (alacke the while) nere ſaw each other.
Oh had they met, we then had ſpar'd theſe teares,
And ſau'd this griefe, which is too great to ſmother,
So milde, ſo graue, ſo reuerent, *Age* appeares
He would haue ioy'd to imbrace him as a brother,
As youth his hopes: he would haue ſtriu'd to raiſe
His fortunes, beeing cloath'd in ancient dayes.

The *Muſes* and the *Arts* I can acquite:
For they are all too good to act ſuch ill,
Prepoſterous 'twere to thinke them oppoſite
So farre to their owne life, as ſeeke to kill
Him through whoſe *eies* they did receiue their ſight,
And to whoſe practiſe they confin'd their will:
Whoſe actions were his deeds, in whom they ſaw
All vertues grac'd with a Maieſticke awe.

Nor

Nor would the *Muſes* haue giuen ſuch occaſion
Of their owne teares, which they ſo freely ſhed.
What purpoſe then? what motiue? what perſwaſion
Hath bene the cauſe that we lament him dead?
Or how came *Death* to make this proud inuaſion,
And casket vp this gem in ſtone and lead?
Himſelfe could not, (for he was all perfection)
Bring his faire body to this low deiection.

'Twas that which ſhattered *Sylo*, made the earth
Gape, and at once deuoure both *Tribes* and *Tents*:
That made the ſphears ſhowre fire, all *Natures birth*
Confin'd into one Arke: that all diſcents,
Degrees and Titles in one generall dearth,
Swept from th'earths face, that beyond all extents,
Limits and bounds, incenſt *Ioues* indignation,
To drowne the world in a deep inundation.

What monſter may we call this? *Sinne*: our ſinne,
When one alone (and but one) that of pride,
Caſt Angels from the higheſt *Cherubin*,
All their bright gloryes in the *Abiſme* to hide;
Since many millions we are wrapped in,
As vgly and as horrid: deepe ſinnes dy'd
In bloud, and death; no wonder if they pull
This wrath on vs, to make our griefes more full.

They were our ſelues then, that our ſelues haue made
Thus hapleſſely diſtreſt, thus inly ſad.
Yet as we reade, to haue the rage allai'd
Of a deepe gulfe: the *Romans* notice had
From th'Oracle, that breach could not be ſtaid
Till *Romes* beſt *Iewell* ſtopt it. *Curtius* clad
In his beſt Armes and mounted on his ſteed,
To ſaue a People did a Torrent feede.

So ſince this beſt of *Iewels England* ſtor'd,
Hath ſtopt the gaping entrailes of the graue:
Let after ages of this Prince record,
Hee freely gaue a life, a land to ſaue:
As gold the Miſers God (by them ador'd)
Depends vpon the Sunne, from him to haue
His purity of Temper, and as glaſſe,
Showes th'vtmoſt vertue that the fire can paſſe.

By which they haue the pureneſſe not to bee
Others then what they are, ſtrange formes to take,
And looſe their natiue *eſſe*: euen ſo Hee,
Being the perfect'ſt worke Nature could make,
Cannot conuert to Duſt and Earth as We,
Or his firſt Beauty in the graue forſake.
Since Nature in his birth to him hath done,
More then to Glaſſe or Gold, the Fire or Sunne.

The more we ioy'd to ſee his vertues grow,
The greater are our ſorrowes for his lacke:
Exceſſe of ioy begets exceſſe of woe,
Oft generall weale precedes a generall wracke.
Oh! why ſhould our beſt pleaſures periſh ſo,
Like waters that paſſe by but ne're run backe?
And yet to make vs euer thinke of Teares,
Though the waues fleete, the Riuer ſtill appeares.

I'le ſhow the cauſe. *Ioue* ſeeing earthly Pleaſure,
By Man ſo honoured that the Gods he hated:
(Being ador'd by Mortals aboue meaſure)
Cal'd her to Heauen there to be new inſtated,
Shee ſtraight diſroabes her of all Earthly Treaſure,
As all muſt needes do, that are ſo tranſlated.
Greife baniſht Earth, whilſt Pleaſure heere made
Finding her Habite ſteales it quite away. (ſtay,

And in that forged Roabe ſhee hath deluded
The world with fading ioyes and tranſitory:
For ſince ſhee firſt into that ſhape intruded
There was on Earth no true eſſentiall glory.
All conſtancy from Mankind is excluded,
Ioy hath no permanence: finde mee a ſtory,
That euer hath recorded Man ſo bleſt,
But happied once, he hath bene twice diſtreſt.

A Funerall Elegie.

To tell his worth were but to adde to ſorrow,
Like him that being rob'd, ſtill caſts the ſumme:
The preſent fright ſo much from griefe doth borrow
That the inſtant feels not whence the paſſions come;
The extaſy once paſt, when, on the morrow
The cauſe is weighed, the voyce no more is dumme:
The eies that had their conduits ſtopt before,
Now freely runne, and the hearts griefe deplore.

No Oracles were weightier then his words,
Thoſe that ſhould counſell him nee could aduiſe:
Art had in him her Manſion: Princes ſwords
Should defend *Art*, and *Art* make Princes wiſe,
They had ioin'd league: his fluent braine affoords
A Library of *Knowledge*, and vnties
The knotted'ſt ſoryte; faire *Pernaſſus* well,
The Muſes did abandon, there to dwell.

As Mettals by the ſound, ſo could he try
The flaſhy from the ſollid when they ſpake:
Cleere was his iudgement, as his ſpirit was hye,
His ſmile was mercy, but his frowne did ſhake.
His aime was to know *Art* and Chiualry,
Saue when to heauen he did his vowes betake.
He ſtudied *Man*: but to be better farre
Then man can be: He was halfe *Loue*, halfe *Warre*.

Hee

Hee was not ſwaide by Fauours, but Deſart,
Merite, not Flattery ſtill inioy'd his pay:
Hee would aduiſe before he ſpar'd his Heart,
But lending it, not eaſily tak't away.
Hee had that conſtant Vertue not to ſtart,
Or let (in his deſignes) his iudgement ſtray.
Thoſe that were next him, and his Fauours wore
May ſpeake him better, not lament him more.

Before he grac't he would both proue and know,
He was not idly loſt, nor raſhly wonne,
His maine was Vertue, none might neere him grow,
But ſuch as truely knew to chuſe or ſhunne
Good things and bad: to puniſh he was ſlow,
But apt to pardon: Hee was as the Sunne
Amid the Planets, ſeeming ſo diuin'd,
That all about, and neere him he out-ſhin'd.

Poſterity, with greater admiration
Then I can blaze him, ſhall embrace his Fame,
Thoſe deluges of Teares ſhowr'd from this Nation
Rather to blemiſh ſeeme, then blanch his name:
Since all our Elegies begot from paſſion, claime.
Come from rent hearts, and thoſe that griefe pro-
Confuſed thoughts the beſt conceits deſtroy,
And are more harſh then when we ſing of ioy.

Being great in Name, his ſtudy did agree
To make Him great in Purpoſe: and his deeds
Anſwere his Stile: His Goodneſſe was ſo free,
It wanted bound: one Royall action breeds
A ſecond ſtill; the end of one's to be,
The entrance to another that ſucceeds.
Honour (the *Manna* of each generous Spirit)
Was to him as the Crowne he was to inherit.

For well he knew if *Fire* it ſelfe ſhould hide,
By his owne *Smoake* it would it ſelfe betray,
Or if that *Water* ſhould it ſelfe diuide,
(As weary of the world) and ſteale away:
Yet by the Reeds plac'd by the Riuer ſide,
She might be train'd, and ſo be made to ſtay.
But *Honour* fled, with it, it beares His tracke,
No *Time*, no *Age* can ſtay, or call him backe.

His Spirits were all actiue, made of fire,
Which (ſaue in trauell) can admit no reſt:
High were his thoughts, yet ſtill ſurmounting hy're,
His very Motiues Induſtry profeſt.
To be in Action was his ſole deſire,
And not to be ſo he did moſt deteſt.
To end his Praiſe, and proue him paſt compare,
" *To all his Father's vertues he was heire.*

He

He was but yesterday, and now is faded,
Who when we held him deerest, was then lost:
So Lands that thinke them saf'st, are oft inuaded,
And when they least feare, are afflicted most.
So the clear'st skies with blackest clouds are shaded,
So *Pleasures* (thought most certain) soon'st are crost.
For 'tis a *Maxime* that shall euer stand:
Pleasure and Sorrow still march hand in hand.

As *Hector*, had he surui'd *Troy* to see,
From *Illiums* lofty Tower his yong sonne cast:
Or such griefe *Priam*, as it was to thee
When worthy *Hector*, both the first and last
Of all *Troyes* hopes, sunke dead; me thinkes I see
In Royall IAMES, thy sorrowes quite surpast,
With double anguish, treble passions fired,
When he first heard Prince *Henry* was expired.

And you Maiesticke ANNE, when *Hecub* saw
Sweet *Polymnestor*, all the poore remaine
Of her braue Issue, beat by many a flaw,
And to the shore forc'd by the billowy Maine:
Methinks from her face I your griefe could draw.
And you Prince *Charles*, next of that royall straine,
In yong *Polytes* I your teares can tell,
That day in field his brother *Troylus* fell.

A Funerall Elegie.

For you(moſt hopefull Princeſſe) I compriſe
Your paſſions in a Dame though not ſo faire,
Yet as thoſe Times affoorded, beauteous, wiſe,
And with the beſt of that age might compare:
Your Teares I reade in bright *Pollixen's* eyes,
That ſonne which ſhee beheld ſaw none ſo rare,
Though you(but once)ſhe(oft)had cauſe of woe,
Her,as in beauty you in griefe out-goe.

But in this plangor, whom had I forgot,
You my Mecænas? oh it cannot be
That I am ſo ingrate; beleeue it not,
Though paſſion almoſt takes my ſence from me:
Oh let me neuer weare ſo foule a ſpot,
As worthy Earle not to remember Thee.
Thrice noble *worſter* gaue my Muſe firſt wing,
And from his bounty ſhee had voyce to ſing.

So ſhould my boſome harbour ſomething new,
Ingratitude, with me, no way agreeing:
Then ſhould I not remember whence I grew,
Or from what power I firſt receiu'd my being:
To mine owne heart I ſhould not then be true,
Firſt hands forget your vſe, my eyes their ſeeing:
My tongue thy office, and my Muſe her skill,
That nere more inke drop from her ragged quill.

Pious

Pious *Æneas* ſtill when I record,
(A man in whom all vertues were compleate)
When *Priam's* beſt of ſonnes fell by the ſword,
How he abandon'd reſt, ioy, comfort, meate,
So oft haue I remembred you graue Lord,
Equall in vertues, and your griefe as great.
All thoſe glad hopes you from his life did borrow
You in his death haue backe repai'd with ſorrow.

Yet why ſhould you bewaile him ſince he's paſt
This Tranſitory raigne, for one ay-during,
To vex your ſelues would but his ſoule diſtaſt:
He hath but left a Crowne of earths aſſuring
For one immortall, that can neuer waſt:
Subiect to Time nor Age: there's no alluring
Of mortall pompe can counteruaile the leaſt
Of heauens pure bliſſe (ſo are there ioies increaſt)

Auerre we then (and without contradiction,)
The loſſe is ours, but his eternall gaine,
Tis his beſt good, all be it our affliction,
That ſuch a generall ſorrow we ſuſtaine:
Death that hath giuen him this new iuriſdiction,
Doubles his ioyes, as he augments our paine.
Then as we lou'd him, let's reioyce in this,
The greater was our loſſe, the more's his bliſſe.

Not for Him then, but for our ſelues lament:
He needs them not, tis we haue vſe for teares,
He ſoiournes where can come no diſcontent,
Tis we that labour vnder ſickneſſe, yeares,
Heates, colds, Diſtemprature of Element,
Dangers of body, and th'amaze of feares.
From all miſ-fortunes to the world decreed,
(Of which we ſtand in doubt) hee's happy freed.

Not for him then, but for our ſelues expend
Soorſes of ſad and direfull lamentation,
Who ſee our *Griefes* liue, and our *Hopes* haue end:
Since *Death* hath in one blow wounded a Nation,
Since *Heauen* no greater glories can extend
Then ſhe enioyes, leauing vs nought but Paſſion,
Since ſhould *Death* breake his *Dart*, & ne're ſhoot more,
He cannot cure the hurt he made before.

He that will act the wonders of his praiſe,
Shall finde the world a Theater too ſmall.
Fame with her Trumpet ſhall his glories blaze,
Yet (ere to their full height) grow hoarſe withall,
Whom ſhall who ſtriue to imitate, or raiſe
An equall *Hope* to his, needely muſt fall
Proſtrate, confounded with his owne ambition,
So farre ſhall he precede him in condition.

Therefore what my *Pen* ſcants him in his merit,
With mine owne inward Paſſions Il'e ſupply.
More then an *Earthly Prince*, hee's now a *Spirit*,
Thron'd in a Kingdome, vnto which the Sky
Is but a Foot-pace, euer there to inherit,
Beyond all *Time*, to all eternity.
Where I lament not *Hee* is Thron'd and plac't,
I onely grieue that *Hee* hath made ſuch haſte.

Thomas Heywood.

FINIS.

£ i. s. d = fns. as

Cal Sperfe
4.